FOR OUR YOUNG READERS.

AN AUTUMN GIRL.

From romp upon the Autumn hills
Home sped our Mabel maiden.
With shining eyes and tumbled hair,
And arms with treasure laden.

"I'm living with the leaves!" she cried.
"See how the wind has tossed me!
I thought I'd come and let you know,
For fear you'd think you'd lost me.

"The lovely leaves! They hang all night
So chilly in their places,
That when the sun comes out, you see,
They let him burn their faces.

"That's how they turn so bright and red;
And ever since I knew it
I've staid and staid out there with them
To see if I could do it.

"It would be such a lovely thing!
And, Mamma, I was certain
You'd like a little *Autumn girl*
To hang up on the curtain.

"So I've been standing in the sun
Until I felt him burning;
And only look now at my cheeks!
I do believe I'm turning!"

—*Carrie W. Bronson, in N. Y. Independent.*

A TALK TO THE BOYS.

Hard-Working, Thorough, Obedient, Ambitious and Truthful.

While all classes are now-a-days being lectured through our columns, it occurs to us that the boys will appreciate a talk that is not grandfatherly, and not exactly fatherly, but, as it were, older-brotherly. With that in view, we have been trying in imagination to do what, alas! can not be done in fact—turn back a score and more of years and construct the boy into whose place we would like to put ourselves. We are going to draw the picture of the kind of a boy we would like to be, and trust that some of our boy readers may find some traces of their own characters, or at least some answer of their own wishes and hopes.

If we were a boy we would like to be a hard-working boy. All success waits on that. Only fools and gamblers trust to "luck." We will never come to much unless the habit of hard work teaches us the right use of our faculties. As all boys are not specially bright boys, as the rank and file are average sort of boys, with ordinary brains and opportunities it will be a good thing if we can realize how far hard work will go to make good the lack of gifts and good chances. Sir Walter Scott was called the blockhead of the school at Edinburgh. Perhaps calling him that waked him up, and he put himself to hard work. Isaac Newton was the dull boy at school. The "smart" boy one day kicked this dull boy. That kick stung him to an iron purpose. He went to work, and never let up till the stars were at his feet. Oliver Goldsmith was so stupid that the person who taught him the alphabet was thought to have worked a miracle. So he did. He waked up the boy who could by and by astonish the world by writing "The Traveler" and "The Deserted Village." A friend said to us, pathetically, not long since: "I used to long for a library. Now I have it, and can not use it." But hard work will give us the use of everything that comes to us.

Again, if we were a boy we would want to be a thorough boy. If it were only to sharpen a pencil, we would want to bring it to the very best point—not for fine writing, but for the self-discipline. We are all well enough endowed if we only know how to use the endowments. A spirit that is self-exacting, and will permit no slight in any kind of work, will soon get the habit of bringing large and difficult undertakings to own its mastery.

Again, we would want to be an obedient boy. Only those are fit to command who have learned how to obey. Grant, after the battle of Shiloh, was disgraced and ordered to report, each morning, to an officer his inferior in worth. He touched his hat to that subaltern every morning as loyalty and waited for his commands as deferentially as if he were standing before the Commander-in-Chief. That spirit helped to make him an irresistible commander. The boys who begin life by throwing out flags of independence before they are fairly out of the nursery are not likely to come to anything. If we were looking for a Captain we would hunt for him among the boys who never disobeyed their mothers.

If we were a boy we would want to be a boy with a purpose. We would not loaf or drift; we would set our rudder; we would select some aim worthy of our best energies and then we would stick to it, and, as Carlyle would say, "Work at it like Hercules." There will be people who will lecture you against ambition. But the boy without a good ambition will be likely to be the boy without a good record. And only high things are worth aiming at. As Emerson said, "Hitch your wagon to a star."

We would also like to be a truthful boy. Truth is a cardinal virtue. In Hebrew it means firmness; in Greek it means that which can not be hid. A boy at once open and firm commands universal respect. And when business men are looking for a boy whom they may advance in their service, their most important question concerns truthfulness. It makes a good foundation. He can build high who has that for a cornerstone.

Great things are going to be done in the life-time of the boys; and if we were a boy we would want to get the best tools for helping to do them. Among them are the things we have named, and, however small our gifts or our privileges, we should feel pretty sure that our small gifts wrought out by hard work and discipline, directed to a great aim and uplifted by a true Christian spirit would give us a good and successful standing in the lists of the battle.—*Chicago Interior.*

BESSIE'S PIGEONS.

How the Carter Family Was Saved from the Indians.

When Jacob Carter moved with his family from Indiana to the far West, they stopped for several weeks at a frontier fort before going on to their final destination. As one of the officers of the garrison was Mrs. Carter's cousin, they were well received and pleasantly entertained.

One source of amusement while they remained at the fort was found in Bessie Carter's pet pigeons, "genuine homers," as Bess called them. The pair of old birds had been given to the child by a friend of the family, and she had named them Possum and Tippet. She had raised two young ones, Chip and Spark, and all were great pets with her. When she was at an Indiana school she had used Possum and Tippet for sending messages home, and on that account they had been prized by her parents nearly as much as by herself.

The Carters moved to their new home in the spring, and it happened that before they had settled down in the new house some Sioux who had been removed to the Indian Territory became dissatisfied with their location, broke out, and started toward their old Northern home, plundering and murdering as they went.

A report of this raid reached the Carters, but too late to enable them to seek safety in flight, and when they were "struck" by the hostiles there was nothing for them to do but defend themselves as best they could.

This seemed to be an almost hopeless task, as there were but three fighters at the homestead—Jacob Carter, his nearly grown son Harry and Andrew Patchin, the hired man. But they barricaded the doors and windows of the cabin, seized their rifles, and fought for dear life.

It was a small party of Sioux that made the first attack, and they were easily repulsed; but others arrived, and the situation became more serious. Angered by the desperate defense of the cabin, the Indians showed a determination to stay right there and capture it at all hazards.

When Andrew Patchin was severely wounded, Mr. Carter began to despair, and he sadly told his wife and Bessie that he saw no chance to escape from death or capture.

"If it comes to the worst," he said, "you two must die rather than fall into the hands of those fiends. There is no hope of help, and no one of us could pass the Indians to take a message to the fort, even if they had not got our horses."

"There is one that can go, pa," spoke up Bessie.

"What do you mean, child? Who can go? Not Harry?"

"Not Harry, pa, but Chip or Possum."

Mr. Carter had not thought of the pigeons, and he eagerly seized the idea.

"Do you think that either of them would fly to the fort?" he asked.

"Yes, sir. We were so long at the fort, and the birds have not yet got to think of this place as home. I am sure they would do it."

"Get one of them, Bess, and I will write a message."

Bessie had brought her pigeons into the house for safety, and it was easy to secure Chip. The message was fastened to him, and he was let loose. After circling in the air for a minute or so he settled upon his course, and flew away in the direction of the fort.

Another message was sent by Possum, and then they waited. They had to fight, too, as well as wait, and Mr. Carter and Harry continued to make their rifles crack in the hope of keeping the Indians away from the house as long as possible.

The hours of the afternoon were long and painful, and it could be seen that the Sioux were only delaying their attack until darkness should put the besieged party at their mercy.

Darkness came, and they started toward the house yelling and firing. But other shots were quickly heard, and the galloping of many horses, and a well-known cheer, as the blue-coated cavalry dashed down upon the red raiders and scattered them.

Captain Morris, Mrs. Carter's cousin, had caught sight of Chip when the bird flew to his old quarters at the fort, and he at once secured him and found the message.

In a very short time the men were mounted and speeding away over the prairie, and so the Carter family were saved by Bessie's pigeon.—*Edward Willett, in Harper's Young People.*

The Reward of Faithfulness.

A fine illustration of the value of keeping one's word, which boys would do well to profit by, is given in the case of Mr. Wilder, the first President of the American Tract Society. He became a very wealthy man, but was, in early life, head clerk for a large firm in Charleston, Mass. He promised a customer, one day, to deliver a bale of goods at a certain hour. He had to go to Boston to make the purchase, and engaged a porter to take the goods over at once in a wheelbarrow. The man was overcome by the heat, and stopped on the bridge to rest. Mr. Wilder, finding him there, promptly trundled off with the wheelbarrow himself, rather than break his word to the customer. A wealthy merchant, who happened to observe the act, went to Mr. Wilder's employer, and said: "Tell that young man that when he wishes to go into business for himself, my name is at his service for thirty thousand dollars."—*Congregationalist.*

RELIC-HUNTERS.

Cranky Individuals Who Deface Furniture and Burial Vaults.

Oh, those relic-hunters!

They seized on everything that they could pull apart. At General Grant's first inauguration, the President had scarcely retired from the grand stand when a crowd of citizens clambered up the sides from the ground below, and, within a minute, the chair which the Chief Magistrate had occupied was split into a score of fragments—one man capturing a leg of it, another an arm, another a part of a rung, and all marching away with them as trophies of the event! After the funeral ceremonies over Senator Sumner the relic-hunters sought to obtain pieces of the mourning emblems around his vacant chair. The crape was cut into bits by a score of knives. Indeed, the jack-knives even attacked the mahogany of the desk itself, and a policeman had to be stationed at the chair!

The relic-hunters go to Mount Vernon to visit the tomb of Washington and break the mortar and rocks from the walls of the old vault, cut twigs from the shrubbery and trees, and carry away any little thing that will serve as a memento of the place.—*Edmund Alton, in St. Nicholas.*

LOVER'S CARDS.

A Tabular Device Adapted to the Use of Cooing Doves and Sighing Swains.

The one serious drawback in the matter of love is the subject of correspondence. Not that there is any difficulty in seizing a sheet of perfumed letter paper, price one cent, a wooden penholder (price the same), and reducing a fellow's wild, yearning thoughts to cold black ink. Not that postage is too high or the mail service too slow. Not that his girl's pa will intercept the letter and lay for the writer with a cow-hide. It's an altogether different matter. A chap is pretty certain to make use of lots of expressions which he would afterwards deny. He will write twice as many letters as he would admit on a breach-of-promise suit. In a recent suit in Ohio the defendant swore that he had written no more than fifty letters to the plaintiff. She produced four hundred and eighty-eight. He swore that he had never used a tender expression. She produced one thousand nine hundred and fifty-six of them from his letters.

Human nature is mighty forgetful, and when the heart bobs and thumps and beats and palpitates for love, memory is certain to go off and sit on the fence. Inventive genius has at last been called into play to surmount some of the difficulties above mentioned. Cards with the following tables on them will soon be for sale by every respectable newsdealer. Any dealer not having them in stock can be classed as disreputable:

Date of Letter and Number.	*Fond Expressions, etc*	*Reference to Marriage*	*General Remarks.*
Date: May 2, No. 329	'Angel,' 97 'Dovey,' 70 'Daisy,' 60 'Darling,' 52	1,721 times to date.	Her heartless father swears to boot me off the door step

The convenience of the arrangement will at once be understood. A glance shows the date of writing, and tells whether it is the fifth or ninety-fifth epistle. In case of a quarrel and the return of keepsakes and letters, each party knows exactly how many letters should be handed over. If a breach of promise suit is threatened the young man sits down to figure up how often he has laid himself liable. The average love letter will pan out about as follows:

	Fond Exp	*Ref marr'ge*	*Gen remarks*
Date: May 3, No. 329	'My hero, 90 'My dear,' 70 'My dick, 100 'My all, 500	2,351 times to date.	Oh! when will he ask me to name the day! It would just be my luck to have him crawfish!

This card has been patented in all known languages, and in all civilized countries, and any parties found infringing will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE LOCOMOTIVE WHISTLE.

An Engineer Who Can Make It Play a Tune, As a Result of Practice.

"Have you ever heard of an engineer who could play tunes upon the whistle of his locomotive?" asked a railroad man of the reporter.

"I have heard of calliope music, but I can not say that I ever heard a tune played upon the whistle of a locomotive," was the reply.

"Well," continued the railroad man, "I know of an engineer who can do it, and I consider that he not only has an ear for music but that he is a musical genius or prodigy. His name is Bob Colvin. He is about thirty years of age, unmarried, and is the engineer of a locomotive that runs a freight train on the Valley Road between Harrisburg and Lexington, Va. For instance, he knew of two of his young friends who were to be married. They reside upon the line of his route, and every time he passed their homes he played the tune of 'In the Sweet By and By,' upon the whistle of the locomotive. Then, again, as is usually the case, he has a girl of his own, and every time he passes her house he plays the tune of 'The Girl I Left Behind Me.'"

"This playing of music upon engine whistles where there are no connecting pipes and keys similar to the calliope is certainly remarkable," replied the man of news.

"I have often heard the music played," replied the railroad man, and can vouch for the truth of my statement. There is another thing about engine whistles that I wish to speak of, and that is the peculiar code of signals that engineers have for announcing their proximity to the homes of their wives and sweethearts. Have you never heard what you thought was a rather peculiar whistle coming from a locomotive?"

"Oh, yes, and I and others in my company at the time have remarked upon it."

"Well, those peculiar whistles are nothing more or less than a part of the engineer's code of signals by which his wife or sweetheart is notified of his coming."

This statement was verified by a brother railroad man who said: "I have seen a young lady who understood her lover's whistle walk to a station or road crossing where his engine had stopped."—*Baltimore News.*

—A colored couple were divorced in the District Court on Saturday in double-quick time. The petition was read, two witnesses were examined, and the decree granted in less than two minutes by the watch.—*Brennan (Tex.) Banner.*

—A writer in the *Beekeeper's Journal* says that as an offset to the records of horses and cows, he had a colony of bees that produced fifty-five pounds of honey in three and a half days.

—The circus proprietor is obliged to keep his somerset performers where they can always be seen, for there is a law against carrying concealed revolvers.—*Boston Transcript.*

ARCTIC SPRING-TIDE.

The Beauties of Spring and Summer in Northern Regions.

When the little creek by the house burst its icy chains in May, the noise of its rippling and leaping over the rocky obstacles seemed like music to our ears, accustomed as they were to the silence of the past winter, and its murmur like a welcome to the coming spring. How lovely are the evenings of the Arctic springtide! The sunset is followed by a pale yellowish tint on the western horizon, under which the ice gleams and glows like a field of gold. Fading away, this yellowish light is succeeded by a soft grayish tint, which does not deepen, but enables one to read throughout the entire night. So evenly diffused is this light that there is not the faintest approach to a shadow and a solemn sense of calm repose rests on land and sea, the birds and animals seeking repose as if total night prevailed. But a brief space and the sun rises again in full glory, touching the eastern sky with roseate hues, and the merry chirping and singing of our feathered visitors is again heard. Man alone in these regions heeds no resting time. The natives sleep but little during the spring and summer. For to them spring is the whaling period, the time for laying in a stock of whale meat and blubber for the winter, a time to chase the fleet bowhead to obtain the precious bone for barter with the white stranger. At this period men and women remain on the ice for days, eating raw seal meat or blubber, cooked food being inadmissible when they are engaged catching whales. When the big fish is caught it is hacked and cut up and taken by sleds to the village, every one receiving a piece of flesh or blubber. Young whale meat is not to be despised, and the thick black skin, with a super-tissue of creamy white fat, is good when fresh. So, too, the white cartilagenous matter at the base of the gums, is eaten, resembling in taste the flavor of a hazel-nut.

But even the Arctic spring has its unpleasant side. The heat of the sun acting upon the dark and soggy lands and upon the vast ice-fields causes a dense vapor to rise, rendering navigation hazardous and troublesome. Then, too, the continued prevalence of southerly winds drives the ice into a compact mass in the distant whaling grounds, and unless a northerly wind sets in the ships are prevented from working their way to the inlets. So the brief summer steals over these inhospitable regions, lasting but three months, when the snow begins to fall again and the ice's embrace is once more over sea and land.—*Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.*

COMETS.

The Part They Play in Astrologic Superstition.

Eclipses, comets and conjunctions of the superior planets, play a great part in state astrology. Some well authenticated cases of success in this department are on record. One astrologer, by name Landino, according to Villari, drew the horoscope of religion, and predicted, from a conjunction of Jupiter and Saturn, that on the 25th of November, 1484, a great reformation of the Christian religion would take place: and it is very singular that Luther was born in the very month of November of 1483 or 1484—some doubt existing as to the year. Tycho Brahe predicted, from the comet of 1577, that in the north of Finland there would be born a Prince who should lay waste Germany and vanish in 1632. Now Gustavus Adolphus, it is well known, was born in Finland, overran Germany and died in 1632. It is also very singular that during the very worst period of the late troubles in Ireland, Saturn should have been passing through Taurus, a sign which astrologers say rules Ireland, and prior to the passing of the Land Act, Jupiter and Venus should have been in conjunction with Saturn in the same sign. Also, just before the assassination of President Garfield two comets—first seen in the United States—appeared in right ascension, corresponding to Gemini, a sign, again, said by astrologers to rule the United States. Now, it is an old astrological doctrine that a comet, visible to the naked eye, appearing in the ruling sign of a country, portends the violent death of the chief ruler. There is no doubt that is because of chance coincidences of this sort that astrology maintains its place for such a long period of time, and that even at the present day many, otherwise well-educated people, are led to think "there is something in it."—*All The Year Round.*

NOBLE COURAGE.

The Heroic Deed Performed by an English Coast-Guardsman.

The other evening a gallant rescue of six children from a perilous position was affected by a coast-guardsman named Thomas White, stationed at Ryhope, near Sunderland, England. White had just left the house on his beat when his attention was called to a group of people near the road leading from the toll bar in Ryhope Colliery to the beach. He proceeded to the spot, when he learned that six children were missing, and that it was thought that they were on the beach in a hole of the cliff. No one dared to venture down, owing to the incoming tide, but White got some lines, and having taken off his coat, fastened the rope round his waist, and was lowered over the cliff, which is about seventy feet high to the beach below. When he got a safe footing, he heard the cries of the little ones, but was unable to get near them until he had divested himself of the whole of his clothing and waded through the water. On entering the cave he found those he was in search of crouched in the corner, benumbed and almost senseless about waist-deep in the water, every dash of the tide into the cave splashing their heads. White took them one by one, fastened a rope to them and the people at the top hauled them up. Thus all were sent safely up, except the youngest, a boy about two years old, who was so exhausted that White thought it advisable to carry him along the beach.—*N. Y. Post.*

CELLARS.

Those Above Ground More Useful Than Those Below.

On every farm a building or an apartment of some kind for the storage of fruit, vegetables, milk, meat, eggs and other kinds of food is of the first importance. It is necessary for it to be comparatively dry, frost-proof during the winter, and cool in summer. In many parts of the country these conditions are somewhat easily secured by making an excavation under the building that is to be used for a dwelling. In many places a good underground cellar can be made at a very small cost. A stone or other firm foundation is required to support the house. It is necessary to dig a trench below the frost line, in which to place the foundation. It requires but little more labor to remove by means of a scraper the earth included within this trench. This space will afford ample storage-room, while the foundation for the house will serve the purpose of the cellar wall. To secure light, the wall can be carried above the surface of the ground and windows placed in it. In order to render ground sloping about the house, some of the earth taken from the excavation can be thrown against the projecting wall.

A cellar constructed in this way is convenient and lasting, and often cheap. Through an entrance from the outside it is easy to carry potatoes, garden vegetables and fruit into it. During the winter the outer door can be permanently closed and the cellar be reached by a stairway leading from the interior of the dwelling. In case the house is located where the ground descends from one or more sides good drainage can be secured at a moderate cost, and the requisite degree of dryness be secured. In all the Eastern States a good cellar is found under almost every house in city or country. A combination of fortuitous circumstances makes good cellars common. The ground is hilly or rolling, so that good drainage can be secured with very little trouble or expense. Stone suitable for building cellar walls is found in every neighborhood. More fruits, potatoes and vegetables are raised than in most parts of the West, all of which require good cellars to insure their preservation during the winter. On the Western prairie it is much more difficult to construct good cellars. In many places it is hard to secure good drainage without great cost, while stone suitable for cellar walls is scarce.

In many places it is easier to construct a cellar above ground than below it. The walls may be made of lumber, concrete, brick or stone. Some Germans and Dutch in the vicinity of this city have constructed arches built of stone or hard-burned brick, and covered them with earth. A double door is at one end and a double window at the other. A building constructed like an ordinary ice-house may be used for storing the articles ordinarily kept in an underground cellar. Eight double walls, with a space at least a foot wide between them, will be required. This space should be filled with dry sawdust, chaff, or some other material that is a very poor conductor of heat. The thickness of the walls and the width of the space between them will depend on the degree of cold they are required to afford protection against. Confined air is the poorest conductor of heat that can be found. Air, when in motion, conveys heat, but when confined and dry it almost entirely prevents the passage of heat. By using brick and suitable mortar a concrete wall may be made practically air-tight. Placing sawdust or chaff between these walls prevents the passage of currents of air that would raise the temperature during the summer and reduce it during the cold weather.

A cellar or store-room located above the ground has many advantages over one that is entirely or chiefly below it. If the roof and walls are tight it will be dry, and will require no drainage. It can be entered for the purpose of depositing or taking out articles without going up and down stairs. This is a great advantage when the articles to be moved are heavy. A cellar that is above ground can be better ventilated than one that is below the surface. By means of double or triple windows, with air-spaces between them, the room may be rendered as light as any room in a dwelling. By means of shutters and curtains it can be made as dark as may be desired. There are many sanitary objections to having cellars for the storage of meat, milk, fruit, and vegetables under the living-rooms of dwellings. All these substances under the best of care are liable to decay and to give off disagreeable and unwholesome odors. These find their way into all parts of the house through crevices in the floor and through the door that leads to the cellar. The air in most underground cellars is not fit to breathe, and it is very difficult to keep it in a state of comparative purity, as the decay of the articles stored in it is likely to be constantly going on.—*Chicago Times.*

Uhland's Grandest Order.

A new Uhland anecdote is sure of a wide welcome. Although the poet delighted to take his subjects from the knightly and romantic Middle Ages, when feudalism was everywhere in force, he was essentially a poet of the people. The Prussian King, William IV. offered him the Order *Pour le Merite*, with flattering expressions of the royal regard. Uhland, however, declined to accept it. While he was explaining to his wife the reason which moved him to refuse the distinction there was a knock at the door. A working-class girl from the neighborhood entered, and, presenting Uhland with a bunch of violets, said: "This is an offering from my mother." "Your mother, child!" replied the poet; "I thought she died last autumn." "That is true, Herr Uhland," said the girl, "and I begged you at the time to make a little verse for her grave, and you sent me a beautiful poem. These are the first violets which have bloomed on mother's grave. I have plucked them, and I like to think that she sends them to you with her greeting." The poet's eyes moistened as he took the posy, and, putting it in his buttonhole, he said to his wife: "There, dear woman, is not that an order more valuable than any King can give?"—*N. Y. Sun.*

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—"Palmer Nevada" is what the prima donna will henceforth call herself.

—Two soldiers of the Light Brigade, made famous by Tennyson's poem, are residing in New York.

—General Berdan, the American rifle and torpedo-maker, is said by a correspondent to be one of the Czar's "most intimate friends."

—Ex-Governor Long, according to the Boston *Post*, is one of the brightest after-dinner speakers in the country. He never drinks wine or liquors.

—C. M. Lewis, the Yale class poet of 1885, is a brother of J. M. Lewis, the class poet of 1888, and they are the sons of C. T. Lewis, the class poet of 1853.

—Miss Alcott says "she has fallen in love with a great many pretty girls in her life, but never once the least bit with a man." Just so with us.—*Chicago Mail.*

—A child was recently born at Moose River, Me., with but one hand, and another infant was born at Augusta, Me., with six toes on each foot.—*Boston Transcript.*

—General Grant's height, as stated by Colonel Frederick D. Grant in a letter to an inquirer in Scranton, Pa., was five feet eight inches; chest measure, about thirty-eight inches.

—Sarah Althea Hill, of San Francisco, who has achieved notoriety as the plaintiff in the celebrated Sharon divorce suit, has resolved to adopt the stage as a profession.—*Chicago Journal.*

—Anna Drinker, a well-known authoress who wrote under the nom de plume of "Edith May," has been released from the State Asylum for the Insane at Harrisburg, Pa., where she has been confined for many years.—*Pittsburgh Post.*

—A letter written by a lady, which had remained fifty years in the pocket of an old coat, was found the other day by a rag-merchant, and by an equally strange chance reached the person to whom it had been addressed half a century ago.—*Norfolk (Va.) Landmark.*

—Mrs. Langtry, not satisfied with the natural color of her hair, which was beautiful and of which she took incessant care, has painted it a kind of reddish color, which, it appears, is becoming the fashion in Paris, and has much injured her appearance.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—The late Governor Cobb, of Maine, left a fortune of about $2,000,000. He was never married. Scores of girls wove their nets for him, but he eluded capture. One day he saw a poor girl, and she was so attractive and agreeable in her manners that he became smitten with her. Subsequently he made up his mind to marry her after he found that his affection was reciprocated. This so overjoyed the poor girl's family that they babbled about the coming marriage with the rich man. The babbling reached his ears and he was displeased. He broke off the engagement and never thought more of woman and her wiles.—*Boston Journal.*

HUMOROUS.

—Talking about dates, one ought to have them at one's finger ends, said he. "Why?" said she. "Oh, because their home is on the palm."—*Evansville Argus.*

—Professor: "In one evening I counted twenty-seven meteors sitting on my piazza." Class expresses great astonishment at the sociable character of the heavenly bodies.—*Boston Budget.*

—A little girl of two and a half years burned her finger for the first time the other day. She placed her finger on a hot poker and suddenly drew it back, exclaiming, "Oh! der's a pin mit."—*Boston Courier.*

—Little Charley—"Papa, will you buy me a drum?" Fond father—"Ah, but my boy, you will disturb me very much if I do." Charley—"O, no, papa; I won't drum except when you're asleep."—*Pittsburgh Chronicle.*

—A High School boy at Lawrence, Mass., went home delighted with the idea of the military drill about to be introduced in the school. "I tell you," said he, pityingly, to his sister, "it pays to be a boy!"—*Golden Days.*

—"Johnny, is your sister in?" "I don't know. Lemme see—what's your name?" "Barnes—Mr. Barnes." "All right, Mr. Barnes. You just sit down, and I'll ask. Sis whether she's home; but I don't think that's the name."

—"I see," said Mrs. De Wiggs to her husband, "that the King of Bavaria is in debt about $7,500,000." "Yes." "How in the world can he have got so deeply in debt?" "Dunno, unless he kept two hired girls."—*Pittsburgh Telegraph.*

—Gus de Smith—I want to hire you to take me out to the lunatic asylum and back. How much do you charge for the round trip? Colored Hackman—De Lor! Yer ain't gwinter come back arter you once get out dar, is yer, honey?—*Texas Siftings.*

—A young married couple of Salisbury, Md., have named their first boy "Neptune," because they became engaged while on a sailing voyage. There's an ocean for you! No doubt young Neptune will frequently encounter smacks.—*Norristown Herald.*

—Grocer (to new boy)—You must tell people that we are very busy, James, whether we are or not. They like to buy of a firm that they think does a large trade. New boy.—All right, sir. Grocer (a little later)—Didn't old Mrs. Benson want anything, James? New boy—Yes, sir, she wanted a couple o' mackerel an' ten pounds o' brown sugar, an' I told her we was so busy we didn't know which way to turn, an' so she said she was in a hurry, an' she'd get 'em round the corner.—*Harper's Bazar.*

—A little three-year-old, the young hopeful of an estimable lady on Piety Hill, in Salem, is just beginning to verge into the period of childish investigation, doubt, and inquiry. The little fellow had heard the words "grass widow," and hastened to inquire its meaning of his mother. By way of illustration she told him that if his father should run away and leave her alone without any cause then she would be a grass widow. The future Senator looked up in his mother's face and said: "Then what'd I be? Would I be a grasshopper?"—*Salem (Ore.) Statesman.*